As soon as a car came near, we got in all four of us and took tickets for Kidderpore, according to my old notions regarding the site of the Alipore Jail. As the Kidderpore tram stopped at the Bridge, we got down and began to proceed in the direction of the old Alipore jail. As we came by the side of the above jail and saw *'Presidency jail" written there, in big raised characters, my readers can well imagine how complete was my bewilderment! So long I had been thinking that I was to be relieved at last of all magic and the super-natural that had haunted my memory so far and breathe the breath of life in a land of reality once more. But lo! this magic seemed to follow me here too and would not leave me alone. How could a big jail such as that of the Alipore jail have changed its name outright, all on a sudden and become the Presidency jail, unless it were by magic? My companions finding me so non-plussed, and hesitant, seemed to think that I did not at all know the whereabouts of the

Alipore
Jail, and was only giving them trouble for nothing; they would believe in my pretentions
no more, and began to find their way out them-